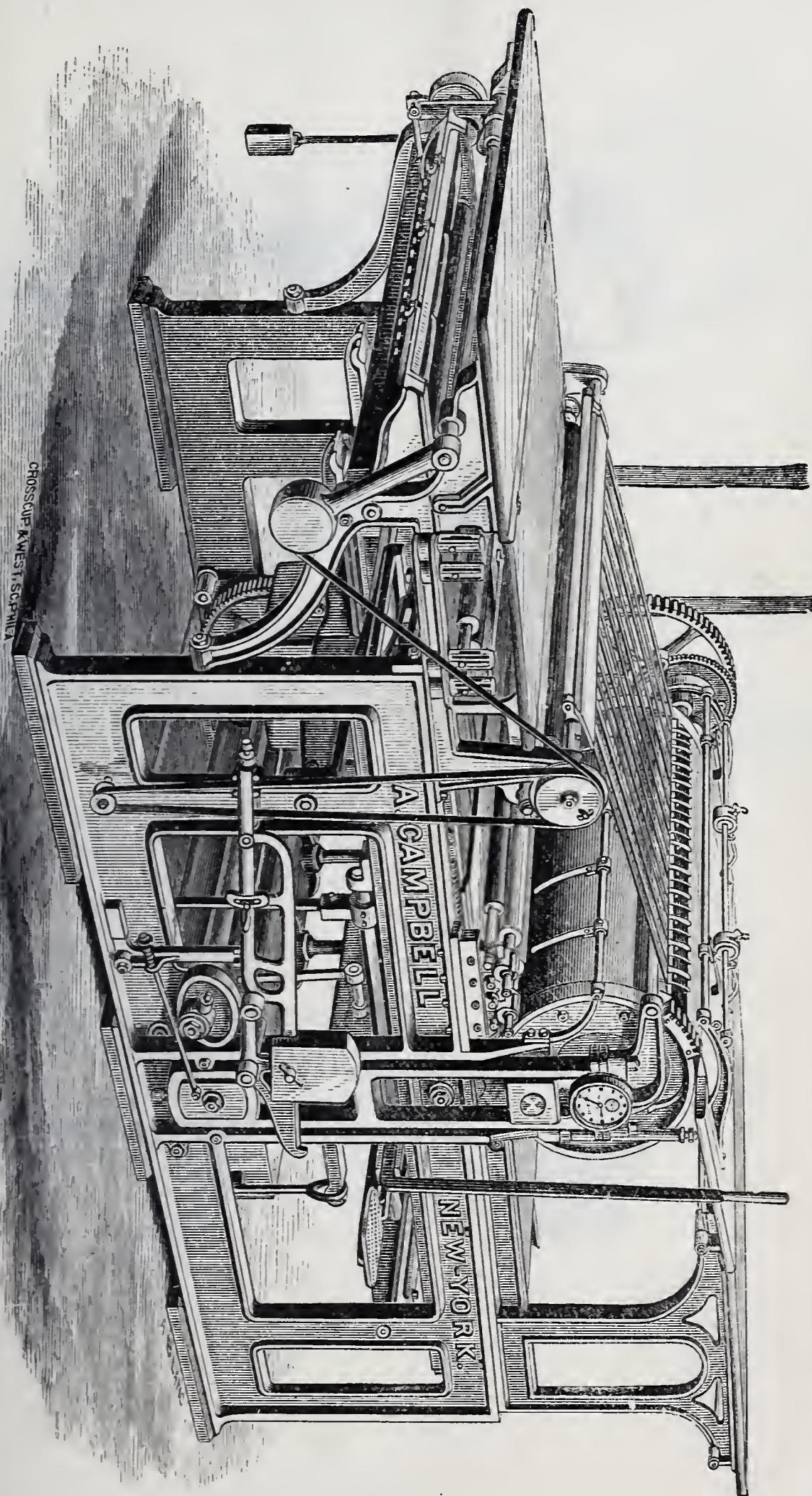


ALOHA.

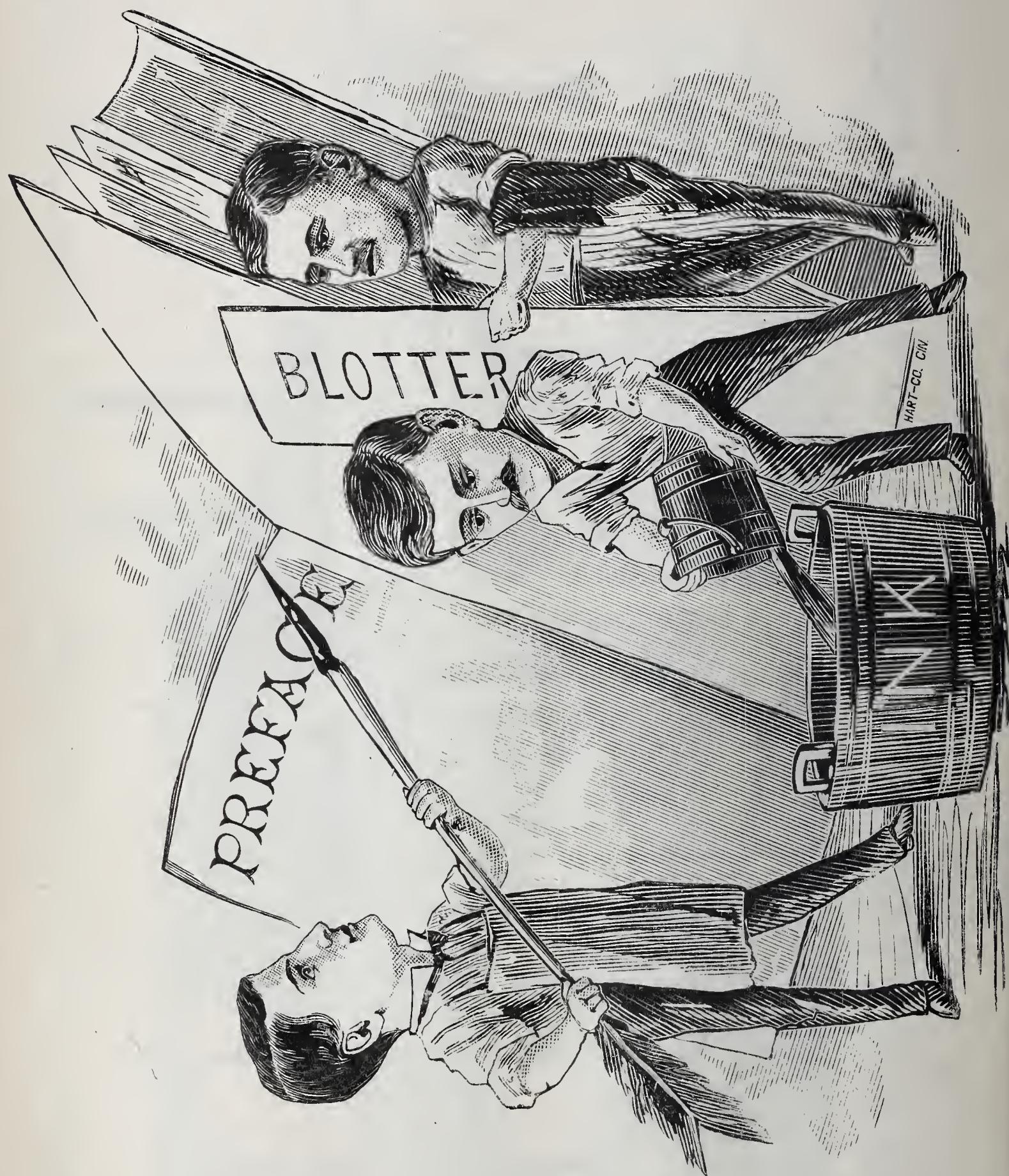
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3

The Aloha.

Published in the Interest of

Wittenberg College

1880.

SPRINGFIELD, O. :
Daily Times Printing House.
1880.

ALOHA.

Carps of Balloues.

A. D. HOSTERMAN. O. C. STOUDER.

J. H. WAGNER.

As in a battle, when the vantage ground must be gained, or defeat will overcome the army, some "brave of braves," grasping the old flag and rushing heroically forth, will station it on the desired point, amid the din of battle, amid the hurling missiles, thinking only of victory; so we, the poor Editors, (you know that we don't mean this), take our ALOHA, and although the strife and missiles are nothing but invectives, yet we station our flag of rights, and victory is ours.



DEDICATION.

To all who in our pages look,
Dwelling in this, or any State,
Especially those who buy our book,
We humbly dedicate.

Go, bright Aloha, and bear with thee,
Our greetings to a thousand friends ;
May hate and malice from thee flee,
To earth's remotest ends.

INTRODUCTION.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Friends, Students and Alumni of Wittenberg:

We, the Editors, have the honor and the pleasurable duty of introducing to you the ALOHA.

Although ALOHA has nothing as yet but an unwritten history and a cheerful prospectus, we are happy in being the means of bringing you face to face with this, the representative of Wittenberg's interests.

Feeling satisfied that everyone will become interested in ALOHA's remarks, we make our bow, and ALOHA will speak for itself.

ALOHA'S DEBUT.

AS you step from the vessel's plank and safely land upon the fabled Cannibal Islands, the Sandwich Islanders greet you with a welcome not generally understood. The greeting heard so often among them, a word to them so expressive, is none other than ALOHA.

We desire of the Preps, and all others who have never heard this word articulated in the native tongue, not to Americanize it into "Helloo." Like many of the sublime passages of Homer, Demosthenes and other great writers, it loses its beauty by translation.

The ALOHA at last makes its appearance and stands, as an orator, before a throng of upturned faces. After many trials and vexing troubles, the publishers present to the world this book, the representative of the many interests of our *Alma Mater*. We are conscious of the fact that some are ready to greet the enterprise with kindness, but there are those who are eager to condemn it at once, as an offshot of misapplied enterprise.

But, let such remember, that:—

"Determined beforehand we gravely pretend,
To ask the opinion and thoughts of no man ;
Should any differ from ours on any pretense,
We pity his want, both of judgment and sense ;
But if he falls into, and flatters, our plan,
Why, really we think him a sensible man."

The mission of ALOHA is a noble and praiseworthy one. Wittenberg is fast reaching a goal of supremacy; and we think, in the near future, her banners will proudly wave among those of her more pretentious cotemporaries.

It is the object of ALOHA to review Wittenberg and her students from a student's standpoint, and reveal to the world student life as it really is.

An organ of this nature has long been desired by the advocates of students' rights, and former efforts have budded forth in the mysterious and troublesome lineage of DUTCHMEN.

A community of students has a peculiar history. Our College organ records a few of the monthly transactions, but the field garnered by that publication is quite different from that of ALOHA's. Throughout our pages will be found matters of great interest to all having any connection with the College. It has been our object to please, and consequently the art of

flattery has been long and satisfactorily studied. We have now on hand quite a number of works on this subject, which will be disposed of cheap. Our pages will testify to the excellency of our collection.

The Editors can only hope that their well meant effort will be received by all in that spirit with which it is sent forth.

We did our work, ever keeping in view the motto so often quoted by the Murphies of the Senior class: "With malice toward none, and charity for all!"

If you find aught to offend,
Forgive, and say we are still friends.

Opposition to our project has ever met us face to face, and is by no means dead as yet; but we hope that this, the first appearance of ALOHA, will satisfy the most exacting and suspicious, and place us above reproach. For, it should be remembered by all, that as free and independent as are the birds of the air, so you will find us to be; and any display of unnecessary wrath should be checked. We have often been told that we were "too enterprising," that we "minded everybody's business," that "we were unpopular," etc., etc., and so don't try to inform us anything new on that score. Instead of any unfriendly spirit, only support a well meant enterprise.

We hope next year to see the second volume of ALOHA make its appearance, under the supervision of a competent corps of Editors, and it cannot but become a lasting benefit to Wittenberg, and a source of much pleasure to her future students.

Hopeful of a bright career,
We send ALOHA forth;
Receive it with an open heart,
And with an open purse.



FACULTY.



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Frederick Gebhart Professor of Systematic Theology and Mental Philosophy.

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Culler Professor of Sacred Philology.

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Professor of Greek and History.

S. F. BRECKENRIDGE, A. M.
Professor of Mathematics.

*Professor of English Literature and Latin.



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Principal of the Preparatory Department.

W. S. HOSKINSON, A. M.,
Tutor.

F. D. ALTMAN,
Instructor in Penmanship.

B. F. PRINCE,
Librarian.

*The duties of this Chair are performed by members of the Faculty.



PHI KAPPA PSI.

Ohio Beta Chapter. Organized May 4th, 1866.

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PROF. G. H. YOUNG, <i>Principal Preparatory Department</i> ,	Wittenberg College.
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PROF. W. S. HOSKINSON,	Wittenberg College.
AMOS WOLFE, Esq.,	Wittenberg College.
CHARLES E. WINTERS, <i>Editor Transcript</i> ,	Wittenberg College.
CHARLES W. SHEWALTER, <i>Assistant Postmaster</i> ,	Wittenberg College.
MAJ. W. J. WHITE, <i>Superintendent Public Schools</i> ,	Delaware University.
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WILL H. THOMAS, <i>of J. H. Thomas & Sons</i> ,	Wooster University.
OWEN R. PERKINS, <i>Local Editor Daily Times</i> ,	Wittenberg College.
G. HARRY FREY, Esq.,	Wooster University.
J. STOUGHTON WHIPPLE.	ELI MILLER.
A. N. SUMMERS.	A. C. MILLER.
J. H. SUMMERS.	CHAS. A. GEIGER.
J. B. BALTZLY.	H. N. SEIGENTHALER.
A. M. BARRETT.	JOHN N. GARVER.

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W. W. CRITES,	C. ED. IMHOFF.

FRESHMEN.

WILL M. BREWSTER,	W. FRAME BARNETT,
C. P. LENHART.	

Resident Members 29.

Active Members 15.

ALOHA.

BETA THETA PI.



Alpha Gamma, Established January 18, 1867.

RESIDENT MEMBERS.

Hon. J. K. MOWER,	R. T. NELSON, <i>Editor Daily Gazette.</i>
B. F. FUNK,	W. H. WEIR,
F. L. BARRETT,	G. C. BERLEW,
REV. J. W. GUNN,	WILLIAM WARDER,
	E. W. MULLIKIN.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

SENIORS.

W. F. GOWDY,	A. T. HILLS,	W. S. MITCHELL.
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SOPHOMORES.

J. C. CROMER,	R. H. GRUBE,	E. P. OTIS.
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FRESHMEN.

S. S. KAUFFMAN,	W. H. PUGH.
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Resident Members, 9. Active Members, 8.

HESPERIAN SOCIETY.

“Finis Coronat Opus.” Organized November 21, 1877.

Coeducation has now become a certain possibility, and the successful results noticeable at Wittenberg are certainly commendable. Great was the anticipation at Wittenberg on the morning when it was announced that ladies would be admitted as day students, and be placed on a par with the masculine element. Some predicted failure, others success. Among the latter class many rejoiced in their souls and were glad, because their girls were expected to come. Soon the melancholly echoes of “*Dulce Domum*” were abandoned for the lively strains of “*Dulce Puella*.”

Great and various are the changes that have been wrought in every department. The success of the once disputed project has now outstripped the highest hopes of its most sanguine admirers. The ladies now compose one of the prime factors of the College. If they lack in numbers they unquestionably stand superior in scholarship and deportment. No sooner had they become acclimated to the classic atmosphere of College life than they formed a literary organization, and after due deliberation and proper ceremonies christened it the Hesperian Society. This Society was organized on the 21st of November, 1877, and the spirit of its brother societies breathed into it. Their room is comfortably furnished, and has been barbarously named the “Gab Room.” This name is an infamous imposition, a most significant *incog*, totally devoid of justice, and wholly inappropriate for a place so comprehensive and important.

Frank Altman said, that somebody told him, that he heard a fellow say that his chum’s girl’s brother heard his sister telling somebody else’s sister that she heard some one say they had seen a local in the *Hesperian Times* stating that their library had recently been enlarged by the addition of a Worcester’s Unabridged and Robert’s Rules of Order. The Society realizes the fostering care of some of the students, especially those who offer such encouragement as “Fear not little flock.” The Hesperian Society has issued its declaration for pre-eminence, and now ranks with any of its sister organizations.

OFFICERS AND MEMBERS.

"Of a truth a College without girls, is only half blessed: it is an orchard without blossoms, and a spring without song."

OFFICERS.

<i>President</i>	ANNA L. GEIGER.
<i>Vice President</i>	M. GENEI BARNETT.
<i>Recording Secretary</i>	JULIA HOWER.
<i>Treasurer</i>	JOSIE MYSER.
<i>Critics</i>	{ EMMA YOUNG, IDA ZIMMERMAN.
<i>Monitor</i>	MAY BRECKENRIDGE.

MEMBERS.

SENIOR.

LIZZIE H. GEIGER.

SOPHOMORES.

ANNA L. GEIGER, EMMA C. YOUNG.

FRESHMEN.

EVA E. DELO. M. GENEI BARNETT.

UNCLASSIFIED.

TILLIE F. BAKER.	ETTIE S. GROVE,
MAY BRECKENRIDGE,	JULIA A. HOWER,
VIOLA CLARKE,	JOSIE C. MYSER,
FANNIE CLARKE,	AMY SLAUGHTER,
ELLA L. GEIGER,	IDA F. ZIMMERMAN.



EXCELSIOR SOCIETY.

“Perge Modo.” Organized November 20th, 1845.

FOUNDERS.

REV. J. N. BURKET,	J. H. LAWRENCE,
REV. D. HARBAUGH,	J. H. RODGERS, M. D.,
REV. A. HELWIG,	REV. J. SCHAUER,
	R. C. WOODWARD.



The history of this, one of the most prosperous literary societies of the West, dates back as far as 1845. The spirit of broad culture that eminently characterized the founding of Wittenberg, also brought into existence this society, the oldest organization of the College.

Like all similar societies, her early history is a record of struggles; but success marks her course, and to-day she is invincible.

The spirit of Longfellow's *Excelsior* has ever stimulated the endeavors of its members. It is with much pride that the members realize the fostering care of America's greatest poet, and feel, that to him they should pay due reverence.

Soon after the founding of this society, several members obtained permission to withdraw their membership. Deeming it best for all interested, that a rival society be formed, they associated themselves together and organized the *Philosophian Society*.

Improvement has ever been characteristic of the *EXCELSIOR*, and now her halls and library form quite a prominent feature of the College. Much attention has been given to the selection of a useful library, and her shelves and archives are filled with books of incalculable value to students.

The interest accruing from a large sinking fund, provides means for a semi-annual purchase of the current publications of the day. Recently a handsome addition has been made in the way of a complete edition of the last issue of the *Cyclopædia Britannica*.

Her membership now enrolls over fifty students, and the spirit of *Excelsior*, with the ambition “*Perge Modo,*” argues certainly a bright future.

In connection with the Senior *Excelsior Society*, a Junior Society has been organized, and is now in successful operation. Its membership consists of the members of the lower classes. Much interest is manifest, and the members show that good work is being accomplished.

ALOHA.

With the past history so successful, and Excelsiorism at flood tide, no one can but bespeak prosperity for her future.

MEMBERS:

SENIORS.

F. D. ALTMAN,
S. P. BEHRENDTS,
S. V. BIRD,
J. M. DELO,

W. F. GOWDY,
W. S. MITCHELL,
D. J. MITTERLING,
J. J. PURCELL.

JUNIORS.

A. D. HOSTERMAN,
ELLSWORTH HAHN,
WALTER MILLER,
C. C. YOUNG.

O. C. STOUDER,
E. R. WAGNER,
J. H. WAGNER,

SOPHOMORES.

JOHN G. BRECKENRIDGE,
GEO. S. DIAL,
B. W. DIEHL,
J. C. CROMER.

D. W. KUNKLE,
A. H. KUNKLE,
R. R. MILLS,
C. ED. IMHOFF.

FRESHMEN.

RALPH BARTHOLOMEW,
ROBERT BENSON,
W. H. BREWSTER,
W. G. CAPPELLAR,
F. E. HOSTERMAN,

JAS. H. MILLER,
W. C. ORGAN,
W. A. PUGH,
F. M. WEEKS,
H. GRIFFITH.

SELECT.

H. BALDWIN, JR.,
G. A. FEGLEY,
WILL LAMME,

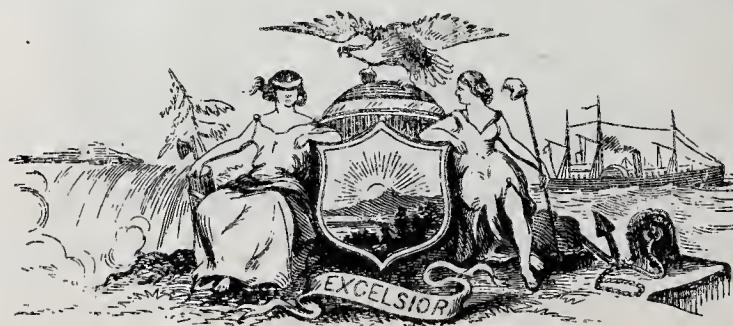
R. W. LYTLE,
A. R. GARVER,
JOS. NYSEWANDER.

UNCLASSIFIED.

G. L. BARRETT,
GEORGE CLARKE,
ALBERT DELO,
WALTER GINGRICH,
HANFORD GOODFELLOW,
J. G. WHITE,
NOBLE KING,
LEFFLER KING,
C. C. RAHN,

J. H. REED,
HARRY RIKE,
W. R. SHARPE,
HARRY SWIGERT,
A. B. TIMMERMAN,
J. D. WAGNER,
C. E. WILSON,
E. E. KRIBBS,
F. D. KUNKLE.

Total Enrollment, 57.



PHILOSOPHIAN SOCIETY.

“Amatores Sapientiae.” Organized July 4th, 1846.

CHARTER MEMBERS.

REV. J. B. BALTZLY, D. D.
J. P. BIRDSEYE,
F. B. CREIGHTON,
REV. S. FENNER,
REV. JOSEPH R. FOCHT,
JOHN M. GALLOWAY,
J. C. GILLETT,
REV. A. F. HILLS,
MICHAEL LEHMER, M. D.

P. S. MATTOX,
REV. MORRIS OFFICER,
REV. G. N. H. PETERS,
WILLIAM REID,
REV. J. F. REINMUND, D. D.,
JOHN A. RUHL,
REV. S. P. SNYDER,
REV. DAVID SPRECHER,
JAMES W. WARD.

The Philosophian Society was founded July 4, 1846, with the design of improving, mentally, morally and socially, those who should become its members; also to furnish a drill in public speaking, and in parliamentary usages. Since its establishment it has had the names of more than nine hundred members upon its roll. Many of these have gone out into the world, bearing with them the results of the training received here, and have distinguished themselves in the various callings in which they have engaged.

The Society at present is in a most prosperous condition, having a membership of forty earnest, active men, and meets each Wednesday afternoon during the College session, at half-past one o'clock, in its elegantly furnished hall in the College building. This hall, lately refitted at a cost of over \$300, is furnished with Brussels carpets, cane-seat and hair-cloth chairs, etc., and adorned by oil portraits of Presidents Keller and Sprecher, a large oil painting, "Christ among the Rabbis," by Weber, and several large steel engravings. The Philo Junior Society, for the benefit of newer members, meets in this place each Saturday forenoon.

The Society possesses a library consisting of about eighteen hundred well selected volumes, to which are added from time to time, invoices of new books, through the liberality and exertions of ex-members who have provided a sinking fund of about \$2,200, the interest of which is devoted exclusively to this purpose. The Society also furnishes its quota for the support of the Union Reading Room.

With all these appurtenances the Society expects and receives thorough work from all its members, and hopes in the future to become all that its most zealous friends could desire.

ALOHA.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

SENIORS.

J. B. GEIGER,

A. T. HILLS,
C. E. WIRICK.

JUNIOR.

S. E. BAKER.

SOPHOMORES.

F. D. CRIGLER,
W. W. CRITES,
R. H. GRUBE,
E. P. OTIS,

J. C. CLORE,
H. M. GEIGER,
E. C. JESSUP,
E. C. VOLLRATH,
L. F. YOUNG.

FRESHMEN.

DANIEL ARTHUR,
E. G. BARNETT,
W. M. CARTMELL,
GEO. P. PHELPS,

E. L. ARTHUR,
W. F. BARNETT,
S. S. KAUFFMAN,
D. S. SHELLABARGER,
A. J. TURKLE.

UNCLASSIFIED.

C. J. BARTHOLOMEW,
C. E. EVERET.
W. J. FUNKEY,
J. F. GROVE,
J. J. KERN,
H. LYON,
F. M. QUICK,
W. A. TOPE,
M. L. WALKER,

W. C. DINWIDDIE,
E. E. EYSTER,
A. S. FELKER,
C. E. HELWIG,
C. P. LENHART,
GRANVILLE ORT,
F. RIGHTMYER,
A. J. VANDERBURG,
J. M. DERR.

Total enrollment 40.



THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

THEOLOGUES are a peculiar people. Some are nocturnal in habits, others are fraternal. Their light shines brighter when in the stillness of night they prepare their sermons than when they deliver them. The eye of the theologue has a far-a-way look of expectancy—he expects a call to preach. When one leaves the College to preach a sermon, you can tell it in the air—not that the atmosphere is any purer—but one seems to know by some invisible sign, that the moral advancement of the universe and the evangelization of the world depend on how that theologue got off his sermon. The members of this department are conspicuous for their deep but tender rooted piety, and the hispidness of their facial exteriors. We would call especial attention to the “Selingsgrub” boys, and to Messrs. Fegley and Organ, who are becoming hirsute, preparatory to entering this department the ensuing year. The Theological Department has ever claimed and received the deference of the undergraduates, who venerate them as saints for their holiness; believers for their faith; brethren for their love; disciples for their knowledge.

MEMBERS.

SENIOR CLASS.

ROBERT ATKIN,	Shiloh, Ohio.
A. M. BARRETT,	Dayton, Pennsylvania.
T. A. HIMES,	Brookville, Pennsylvania.
ELI MILLER,	North Lima, Ohio.
A. O. SCHMALZL,	Springfield, Ohio.
W. L. TEDROW,	Gebhearts, Pennsylvania.

JUNIOR CLASS.

JOHN B. BALTZLY,	Indianapolis, Indiana.
B. F. GRENOBLE,	Madisonburg, Pennsylvania.
JOHN N. LENKER,	Sunbury, Pennsylvania.
WILLIAM LENKER,	Sunbury, Pennsylvania.
AARON C. MILLER,	North Lima, Ohio.
HAMILTON A. OTT,	Bucyrus, Ohio.
FRANK M. PORCH,	Springfield, Ohio.
JACOB H. SUMMERS,	Shelby, Ohio.
HARRY S. STUCKENBERG,	Cincinnati, Ohio.
A. E. WAGNER,	Washington, Pennsylvania.

'80.

HISTORY never has been written for pastime. It is a work to which the utmost gravity should be brought. It mirrors the life, actions and words of men, and oftentimes philosophizes about their thoughts. The memory of the past is venerated or execrated, in proportion as the statements contained in history, portray the good or the evil; and as an impartial historian we wish the future to set in impartial judgment upon us.

The class of '80 has a history, than which none is more important. Long after the factious Juniors, the conceited "Sophs," and ambitious "Freshies" will have been lost to sight, '80 will be held "to memory dear." From our *entree* into College the sanctity of the rules has ever been preserved. True, the envious have insinuated that hen roosts in the vicinity have been visited for other purposes than the satisfaction of curiosity; that musical instruments, such as the "dulcet oyster can catgutted," the resined fence-rail, a ravishingly sweet instrument when skillfully applied to the floor, the ingenious swinette, whose glorious harmonies excites strange and indescribable emotions, have been used on divers occasions proscribed in the rules; that pasteboard cards of a rectangular shape, curiously and variously figured and colored, have been hastily put away out of sight when some sneaking member of '81 was heard at the keyhole. Such insinuations as these, the class of '80 has ever despised as unworthy the attention of great "conservators of public freedom."

Of notoriety we have had sufficient. No class could cope with '80 at base ball. Victories at this game drew upon us the beaming eyes of the gentler sex, and far and wide the "Nine" of '80 was toasted. Now from the heights of "seniordom," we can look down upon our Freshman and Sophomore years, and inhale the fragrance of those bouquets of exotics, conferred upon us by the gentle hands of admiring ladies.

Economy has ever characterized the members of this class. Prodigality we have been taught to regard as a sin, heinous, destructive and unpardonable: ergo two fires were unnecessary when one would be sufficient; two lights wasteful of oil when one lamp were an abundance; hence the necessity of passing many evenings in the study of Zoology, Light and Heat.

We have been a humane class. It is thought by many that we belong to the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." No spavined, ring-boned, or wind-broken "pony" has ever left our stables. As one by one the members of the class of '81 have borrowed our nags, astonishment is spread over every lineament of their faces, at the splendid condition in which they have been kept. Other classes assembled in threes and fours and rode the same pony; but humanity, the crowning virtue of '80, forbade this cruelty, and thus each member has ridden his own.

In general,—

"Man's disposition is for to requite
An injury before a benefit,"

but the facts are conclusive to show that we have cultivated a different disposition, and consider,—

"The fairest action of our human life
Is, scorning to revenge an injury."

Perfect unanimity and accord in every position in which four years of College life has thrown us together, have welded more firmly the links of friendship which have bound us. Many who started with us have gradually dropped off and we have missed them, but there are left one lady and eleven gentlemen—the former the first classical alumna of Wittenberg—and as time advances, and our College life draws to its close, we hope to leave behind, something that will urge to higher aims the classes ranging below us.

HISTORIAN.



A Senior After Graduation.

SENIORS.

"Suaviter in modo: fortiter in re."

OFFICERS.

<i>President</i>	S. V. BIRD.
<i>Vice President</i>	J. M. DELO.
<i>Secretary</i>	D. J. MITTERLING.
<i>Treasurer</i>	W. F. GOWDY.
<i>Historian</i>	J. J. PURCELL.

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S. P. BEHRENDs,	Archangel, Russia.
S. V. BIRD	Bombay, Hindoostan.
J. M. DELO	Cairo, Egypt.
J. B. GEIGER	Madrid, Spain.
W. F. GOWDY	Upper Navik, Greenland.
A. T. HILLS	Pekin, China.
W. S. MITCHELL	Sydney, Australia.
D. J. MITTERLING	Tobolsk, Siberia.
J. J. PURCELL	Dublin, Ireland.
C. E. WIRICK	Portland, Oregon.
LIZZIE H. GEIGER	Home, United States.

'81.

IT is a matter of the simplest demonstration that no man can be appreciated except by his equals or superiors. Who could comprehend the mysteries surrounding a molecule, without having some knowledge of a monad; or who could understand the psychological reason for its existence, unless he possessed the equilibrium of a paragon Junior? We sometimes reflect and recall the balmy days when we were untutored Preps; then grassy Freshmen, and finally reached the threshold of our greatness and became self-named, self-educated and self-honored Sophomores—the most important, most dignified, and at the same time the most cowardly class in College. In contemplating the future, we look forward to the nin-com-poop Senior, who, with habits nocturnal, lives quietly and peacefully in salubrious solitude, with a motto, “God Bless the Man who First Invented Sleep.” But beyond all, we can perceive the dim outlines of Jerusalem and Jericho upon whose records will be recorded the names of two unfortunate Juniors. Such reflections and contemplations, however, only add new hues and additional lustre to the glorious banner of '81, whose history, like the history of our Nation, is a chronicle of progress and steady advancement; one event ushering forth another; the death of one epoch only signifying the birth of another. Patriotism is supplanted by enthusiasm. Ambition, energy and enterprise furnish all the requisites for pre-eminence. A class with a personality peculiar to itself, it is independent, but often depended upon—to keep awake in class—as the pivot around which swings—the Hesperians—every new enterprise. It is remarkable for promptness—Prof. Breck; for boldness—Dr. Sprecher; attentiveness—Prof. Prince; orderly conduct—Prof. Geig. Indeed, its virtues are many, when compared with those of the poultry eating Senior, the large and bulky Senior, the sleep-loving fatherly Senior, the dear spousal and affectionate “daisy” Senior. And above, yea, far above the dark mysterious obsequies of the sympathetic but kidnapping Sophomore, the eg-*Otis*-tical Sophomore, the *Dial*-lectical Sophomore.

“Full of all vain pomps and shows,
And of pride that overflows,
And the false conceits of men,
And the craft of tongue and pen,”

we look down upon the mossy back of the flagitious Prep, and verdant Freshie, with sad hearts and tearful eyes, for they will surely turn out badly. But without the class of '81, Iowa would be unknown; Pennsylvania, a mountain waste, and Ohio a barren desert instead of a State of Presidents, National Statesmen and Edisons—a vantage ground upon which a Nation fights its political contests; a-n-d NEW YORK (?) “Alas poor Yorick!” would “fade away like the morning dew.” Tammany Hall and Boss Tweed would lose their great renown, the harbor would become a drift of weeds and grass, the voice of the turtle and the frog would sound afar throughout the land. At the thunder of the breakers against her lonely shores, Rip Van Winkle would wake up and again roll balls with Henrick Hudson down the canons of the Catskill Mountains. The British Lion would again oppress our Government, and Hayes be only Washington the second. O, ye gods, forbid that such dire disaster should visit our now prosperous Union. “Rather my tongue should cleave to the roof of my mouth and my right hand forget its cunning,” than one star be banished from the glorious flag of liberty, or a single stitch be dropped from out its warring stripes. We have persevered for lo, these many years. With outstretched arms and anxious hearts the world awaits our coming, and when from the blooming bowers and spacious fields of literature and science, we emerge into the busy world, then city, town and tower shall sparkle in the light of rising genius, like dew drops in the morning sun. Nine intellectual Jupeters shall then hurl their thunderbolts of resistless thought upon the defenceless heads of Nations, Empires and Republics. Kings and Queens, Princes and Principalities lose their stately titles; legions of philosophers rise from their graves to make obeisance to us; the earth quake to its very center; the dark and hollow dells of ignorance glow with light resplendent as from the noonday sun; the dizzy heights of science be exalted to the skies, and the unfathomable depths of philosophy find a bottom. Daedalus shall then return the aethereal fire, and sin be banished from the earth. May the delightful charms of pleasure, comfort and ease, ever surround and go with us, until weighed down with honors we shall, like flowers suffocated by their own perfume, be transported into the mysterious realms of the unknown.

HISTORIAN.

JUNIORS.

"Une Affaire Flambee."

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Junior Popularity.

'82.

THROUGH the efforts of the three "enterprising Juniors" we are enabled to present a sketch of '82. As a class we have a remarkable history. While yet *despised* Preps, a time which no other class looks back upon except with scorn, we surpassed the eloquence of a Cicero while reciting "Watts on the Mind." Although unknown to fame, we have astonished the natives by our talents, and by the logical conclusions which we have drawn from scientific subjects.

Why, there is not a Soph. who has not decided his opinion on that momentous question which has been troubling the minds of the Professors, "Who buried that Baby?" and Woody to the delight of after generations has shown beyond the shadow of a doubt that it is possible to be *happy* during a Geometry recitation.

Without the class of '82, Wittenberg students would be destitute of two important elements of success which Indiana's fair son has deduced from personal experience, viz: "If a student hath not a woman's gift, a *Pony* will do for a shift." Also, "That every student who desires to succeed in life should have a Ruhl for everything."

Our mind now runneth back to the time when we were *seedy* Freshman. It was during this year that we met in solemn conclave, and after many heated discussions agreed to adopt the class constitution of '81. In our studies we have suffered some of the misfortunes which befall all classes. The usual exclamations were uttered against our Instructors for attempting to teach us three or four different Greek dialects. Well do we remember the final in Geom., when Freshies were led forth to the would-be slaughter, but the Professor favoring us with a fair shuffle, we acquitted ourselves in such a manner as to draw forth shouts of applause from the *gallery*, and words of praise (in Latin) from our Professor. On receipt of these, Freshie's heart knew no bounds. But we were made to weep when we learned that the Faculty (fearing the following class would not be able to master that exact science unless assisted by '82) had refused to promote several of our idols. Failure which is so common to the members of most classes, is almost unknown in '82. The class minutes contain but one personal case, that one relating to the wily second floor man who, after many attempts to win the favor of the female portion of the class, saw all his efforts thwarted by a Hill(s) and was made to exclaim, "vanity of vanities, all is vanity." As a class we are cheerful and exceedingly given to laughing; so much so that it has been said that some of the members would laugh at their own jokes.

The fall of '79 found some of our former members missing; no longer did Gilly's *flaxen* mustache decorate the recitation room. This decrease

was due to the fact that the world was in need of active and energetic men, and of course such orders would have to be supplied from '82. But while we lost some we also had the pleasure of greeting others who, seeing the abilities of the class, had dropped out of others in order that they might join '82.

We ended the Winter term by what some termed a "Rooster Banquet." However, the invitations bore no such appellation. We assembled in all our gayety, and after devouring the food with the voracity of young panthers, made the classic halls resound with original songs, the most noted of which was "Prof. Geiger's baby lies a mouldering in the ground."

As usual the artful Preps were around with buckets well filled with earth's pure liquid; but oh, ye Preps, we say unto you, "It would have been better for you had millstones been cast about your necks and you drowned in the depths of the sea, than for you to have ducked one of those little Sophs."

We expect great renown to be won by the members of '82 in the near future, since almost every one has some useful



profession in view; the most unsettled man being Puss, who, while traversing the boisterous waters of Buck Creek in his little Bark (man), was so delighted that he concluded to be a sailor; but afterwards, thinking that he might be of more benefit to suffering humanity in some other sphere, has decided to be a Baker.

History, which is a record of crimes and follies, is now complete, and it is not for us to look into the future to see the honors which await '82.

But to conclude; we are eighteen in number—sixteen gents, and two ladies, of whom the class may justly be proud, on account of their standing in the Institution.



A Wittenberg Senior.

As a class we have been entirely free from all College maladies, such as class hats, canes or pins; but as the Professors frequently tell us, "We are erecting monuments more durable than plug hats or brass pins."

SOPHOMORES.

“Laboremus.”

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'83.



HERODOTUS, it is said, had a great love for the marvelous. The members of '83 attribute a gross error to Providence, in that Herodotus was not preserved to write a history of their class. Most of them maintain that no historian has lived, since Herodotus, fit to manipulate such a complicated subject.

“The ancient custom,” says Tacitus, “of handing down to posterity the deeds and characters of distinguished men has not, even in our own time, been neglected. And with our ancestors, the most distinguished genius was influenced, merely through conscientiousness, to publish, without the partiality or ambition of the author, the record of virtue.” If then, our ancestors, away back in the ages before Tacitus, considered it a matter of conscience to publish the “record of virtue,” it is fitting that we should take their actions as a precedent, and give to posterity an account of the bright galaxy of genius, now known as the Freshman class of Wittenberg College.

It is said, that in the Preparatory Department, this class showed unusual mental strength and boldness of character, and as a fond parent, looks forward with feverish interest to the brilliant career of a precocious child, so the Faculty looked forward to the future of this class.

Eighty-three showed wonderful zeal in grappling with the difficulties of the Greek verb, and her evident pleasure in the musical verse of the “Aeneid” (to some these beauties were more apparent from a well groomed “pony”) was unmistakable proof of her mettle.

In September of '79, when '83 had returned from his beloved and cheerful home, to the undomestic halls of Wittenberg; returned from the happy circle of youthful associates (over whom he ruled with a tyranny known only to boys just home from college, to the admiration of the girls, but disgust of the boys,) to the uncivil hosts of loquacious students; returned from the bosom of fond parents to the care of exacting Professors, the class numbered twenty-five. All who sought those classic shades and shouldered the Freshman bundle of burdens, were not natives of Ohio, but represented many States. They were even so honored as to have an Organ imported from “Hold Hengland.” But unlike most traveling organs, which are accompanied by a monkey, *this* is monkey and Organ in one.

As time sped, and autumn was fast bringing us around to its dreary side, the Freshies settled down to hard work with the determination to sustain their reputation of the previous year. True, there were many digressions; some entertainments were more interesting than Cicero's orations, ('tis said that Cicero was fond of frequenting the theater) and

to many the figures on the ice were more attractive than the figures in Geometry.

For personal beauty '83 cannot be surpassed. Cappellar is the best looking man in College, (some ambitious Freshies don't like to acknowledge) but we wonder how it is that one afflicted with such frequent attacks of ill health, which render it impossible for him to attend recitation, can preserve a complexion in which the lily and the rose are so beautifully blended.

With all her causes for congratulation, '83 has one sorrow, which preys upon every member. To see one of her most cherished ones fading day by day, and know that it is beyond the power of the physician "to minister to a mind diseased," is heart rending. For many months Cartmell has been a victim to this malady, which threatens to snatch him off in the flower of his youth. In vain have his companions advised him not to yield to the blighting influence of first love,—

"Nor set thy heart,
Thus overfond, on that which is not thine."

And have assured him that,—

" 'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

Space is insufficient, in this brief "record," to make honorable mention of all the Freshmen. It is sufficient to say that they all deserve it. To '83 "Prepdom" is but a recollection.

Of this much we can be assured for the members of '83, that their memory will be an invaluable legacy to Wittenberg; that posterity will revere their names; that they will purify politics and society; and that through their instrumentality the millennium will swing in a thousand years sooner than expected. *Vive la '83.*



FRESHMEN.

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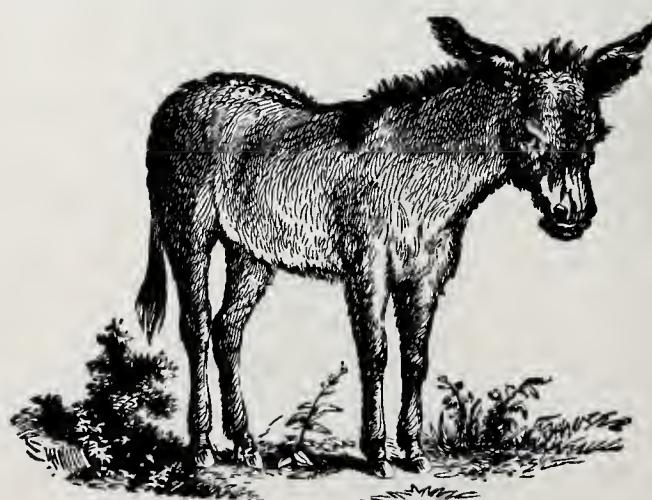
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After many great preparations he has at last got in.

PREPDOM.

“**T**HE half can never be told,” in writing a history of the Preparatory Department, without giving a personal sketch of each member. This, however, we refrain from doing, on account of the limited space allotted us. Nevertheless, it may be found necessary in reviewing the events, as they transpired, to take into consideration the records of a few.

The Department consists of two Professors, controlling, at present, seventy-five matriculates, including twelve girls. From this number we find a few who persist in chasing the butterfly, and amusing themselves with soap bubbles; yet the majority have in view the duties of a student, and improve their time accordingly. Harmony is a noted characteristic of this class, and has set its seal deep in the countenance of each sagacious Prep. We have seen, from time to time, the Snider take his position beside the Lamb in the recitation room, evidently without any thought of Slaughter in his mind. Neither has the Goodfellow become Miser-ly.

It is, with much contempt, we look upon those rusty old benches in the recitation rooms, which bear the initials of every student who has ever been connected with the Institution. The tacks projecting from the bottom render them exceedingly uncomfortable and expensive. They merit a place in the cabinet with the other College relics, but we do not intend to place them there. Most students, upon entering College, have some profession in view, but, after a while, conclude they are not adapted to the one they have chosen. Thus it is, we see doctors making preachers, preachers making lawyers, and lawyers making doctors. The greatest change, of this kind, we notice in that boy hailing from Leipsic, who came with the firm intention of studying for a physician, but now

find him going directly contrary to the wishes of his father, by having determined to be a Baker. We see no necessity of him completing his College course, but would advise him to marry, settle down, and pay close attention to the Baker business.

The girls add much toward making the class-room attractive, and exercise a great influence over the boys. Although in the minority, in number, they are superior to the majority in intellect. The dark eyed damsel, representing the rural districts of Lagonda, styles herself the Class Pedestrian. Chapin, like all great scholars, believes in reading only a few books, and in reading those well. On examination of his card to the City Library, we ascertained, he has taken only two books therefrom this entire College year, those being the translations of Cæsar and Virgil, and show signs of constant use.

It is customary, for members of higher classes, to point a finger of contempt at us, and lay upon us the blame of perpetrating every deed of violence that occurs in the Institution, but we can bear it bravely, adopting the motto, "*Labor omnia vincet.*" We will bear the burden alike, through snow and sleet, until time shall pull aside the curtain now obscuring us, and reveal to the public, the noblest Senior class that ever graced Wittenberg's stage on Graduation Day.

GEORGIE L. BARRETT,
GEORGIE G. CLARKE,
CHARLIE E. EVERET,
JAKIE H. GROVE,
FRANKIE J. KUNKLE,
ALVIE F. LINN,
CHRISTIE P. LENHART,
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HENRIE SWIGART,
WILLIE R. SHARP,
GEORGIE STEELE,
GEORGIE L. WEBB,
IDA F. ZIMMERMAN.

Authors Among the Professors at Wittenberg.

IT has long been the desire of those who had the pleasure of sitting under the instruction of Dr. Samuel Sprecher, that his thoughts and views on some of the important subjects upon which he had spoken in the class-room, might be put into a permanent form for general distribution. At various times the College and Theological Alumni Associations had expressed such a desire by their vote. So, when it was announced that a work on Theology was forthcoming from his pen, the news was hailed with joy. In September, 1879, the work was published, bearing the title, "The Ground Work of a System of Evangelical Lutheran Theology." It was at once received with pleasure and praise by the former pupils of the distinguished author, and also throughout the church in which he has long been a leader.

Any one conversant with the views and teachings of Dr. Sprecher could, in a measure, foretell the spirit of his book. Though of extraordinary ability in the field of Metaphysics, which often leads men to mere speculation, the author has always manifested such an inspiring faith, and insisted so much on the *spirit* as the true interpreter of all action, that it is no surprise to find these so prominently expressed in the work before us. Conscious of the weakness of the human reason unaided by divine power, and how vain are man's attempts to construct a theory that will endure, the author speaks out from his deep experience, in language like the following: "When the sincere man comes to the question of justifying faith, the great center of the Christian consciousness, of the certainty of saving truth, personal assurance of salvation, he will feel that if the Bible is to give satisfaction, it must be regarded as more than the product of human reason; that it must be received as a special revelation of God's will."

Again, speaking of the miraculous revelation of the Scriptures he says: "It is for this reason, and this only, that there is more comfort in a single page of the Bible, more assurance when we come to actual experience of the realities of life and death, in a single promise of the gospel, than in all the speculations of a rationalistic philosophy. In short, true peace and hope in religion must rest on special revelation, on a knowledge of God, on a communication of His gracious will, which can never be properly explained as the mere product of a development of reason." Such is the spirit that breathes through the entire book, leading the reader to find the ultimate of his faith in the personality of a beneficent God.

The author shows that the Christian has an inner assurance which, with the divine revelation, better satisfies the heart than all the decrees of councils and assemblies that have attempted to mold the world. The work is one that goes back to the discussion of those doctrines and views, by the agitation of which the political, moral and religious worlds were shaken, and which has been used in every true revival of religion from that day to this. There was a revelation given to man; it breathes but one spirit, and that spirit is the power of God. By no other means can the world be regenerated. Science may claim for itself exalted powers, and may announce its ability, with one sweep of its hand, to overthrow divine revelation,

but the God of that revelation is alone science, and so its assumptions must yield to the higher and nobler demands of our spiritual nature, which finds its comfort alone in the word of God.

But this notice cannot be continued further. The "Groundwork" is worthy of wide reading. It is calculated to inspire the heart with a desire for a closer relationship with God. Every page shows the lofty scholarship and firm devotion to an exalted faith which has so long been attributed to the author.

Dr. J. H. W. Stuckenberg appears as the author of "The History of the Augsburg Confession." No single work of the Reformation stands so closely related to the Protestant Church, as this great Confession. For thirteen years Luther had been preaching the truth, not only to the people of his own community, but to Germany, and all western Europe. The Roman Church had been fully aroused to the dangers from this quarter, and had vainly sought to awaken the Emperor, Charles V., to a sense of duty, in putting down the bold monk of Wittenberg. But he was too busy in wars with foreign countries to attend to the dangers at home, and so the years, in which the new movement might have been crushed, had added strength to the cause.

In 1530 the Diet met at Augsburg, which had, as its special object, the consideration of the teachings and doctrines of the reformers. Here a small number of theologians, who were committed to the views and work of Luther, together with the Electors of Northern Germany, who had become adherents to the cause of the Reformation, met the Emperor and his friends, among whom were many distinguished scholars of the Catholic Church, and many men of noble rank. No more important gathering ever assembled in modern times. The result of that meeting was the separation of Protestantism from Catholicism, a result that quickened the sense of responsibility in the hearts of the reformer, for maintaining and perpetuating religious truth and freedom which, under Providence, have worked out such wonderful things in modern times. At this meeting the Augsburg Confession was prepared and read, after which all hopes of an accommodation were at an end.

The history of this event Dr. Stuckenberg has graphically set forth in his work. He spent many months in the libraries of Germany, where he had access to much valuable information bearing on this subject, and he has given a clear and valuable statement of the successive acts of this great drama. Any one who wishes to inform himself, on a subject of such important consequences to all succeeding time, would do well to read this book. Dr. Stuckenberg aided in the translation of "Hagenbach's History of German Rationalism," a work of great importance, and which has been presented in good English dress.

We next notice "Romanism and American Institutions, written by President J. B. Helwig, D. D. Every great organization has a policy that, in its workings, must leave an impression on the people among whom it is found. The church is an especial example of this. It is an educator, and in its true character, in all ages since its establishment, has been the conservator of public morals. When it misconceives the truth, or falls below the Bible standard of morality, it carries the community with it; and so, to a certain degree, entails corruption and ruin where it should give life and peace. If we examine the policy of the Roman Church, we find that she arrogates to herself the right to control private judgment in all matters pertaining to religion; and furthermore she proposes that her authority shall be superior to all the governments in which she has power to enforce her demands.

ALOHA.

For ages, in certain quarters of the world, she has controlled the private judgment of her adherents, and in those places history tells us how Christian energy has been repressed, while virtue and intelligence have been confined to a low scale. She has always claimed for herself the position of the "true church," and in view of that pretension the author pointedly asks: "Does a true church deliberately, for centuries, crush the civil and religious liberties of her people? Does a true church, in its official utterances, denounce the God-given right of direct and free investigation of the Bible, and the right of private judgment? Does the true church place the tradition of man on an equality with Holy Writ, and cause such traditions to occupy the most prominent place in the administrations of the priesthood, and in the religious training of the laity?" To all of which the answer is negative. With such views, what relation does the Roman Church bear to our country, the Constitution of which guarantees to every person the right of private judgment in all matters pertaining to religion? The subject is one of vast importance to the American people who, no doubt, are too indifferent to a question that may only too soon be sprung for settlement in a way that every lover of his country might wish forever averted. Dr. Helwig always expresses himself with vigor, and in the work before us, he has presented many salient points, and, too, in a style commendable to every reader. A careful perusal of it, would be followed by a keen sense of duty in relation to the question discussed.

EXCELSIOR ANNIVERSARY.

Black's Opera House, Tuesday Evening, March 16th, 1880

ESSAYISTS.

J. G. WHITE.

O. C. STOUDER.

ORATORS.

J. H. WAGNER.

D. J. MITTERLING.

DEBATERS.

C. C. YOUNG.

A. D. HOSTERMAN.

W. S. MITCHELL.

F. D. ALTMAN.

PUBLICATIONS.

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EXCELSIORS.

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F. D. ALTMAN,

PHILOSOPHIANS.

ROBERT ATKIN,
J. B. GEIGER.

"ALOHA'S" STAFF.

A. D. HOSTERMAN,
J. H. WAGNER.

O. C. STOUDER,

HESPERIAN "TIMES."

The Editorship of this Journal alternates monthly with the members of the Society.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR EDITORZ:—Rumor, that evr redy messenjr, haz, in hur own inimitabl wa, discoverd yur intenshun tu publish a pamphlet ov much importans, and haz reveld it, tugethr with sum uther facts, tu me. I shal therfore prezum tu mace a fu remarcz on the outluc frum an independent standpoint.

I congratulate “1881” on the spirit that stil egzists in hur *third* rancs, but az the clas can never tel which end is foremost, it wil not object tu advise from those desiring tu set it rite before it starts.

Naturaly one ov the the furst cwestyunz asct, when undertacing such a thing iz, “Will it pa?” Wel, it ma. If yu wish it tu sel—yu, let much prof (li)gas(y) be connected with its preparashun; if not, be independent and do not asc acent ov the Faculty. Let *Harmony* prevent enything *paraDocsical* from being Stowd in its pajz. Hu can predict eny thing les from “enturprizing *Junyurs*” than a valuabl, voluminus—or *no* luminus—vocabulary ov vurdant thingz in the venurated vurnacular.

The colum devoted tu the interests ov matrimony wil surtaly be wel manajd, for yu editors, al or singly, as a *Host or man*, wil stric dedly bloz at monastisizm, which ma hurt sum Bachelor—ov Art or Siens. The declarashun iz, “When the recwizit, AGE I GARne(a)r me, wil help me, then wil I practicaly pruv what my eforts tu se-*Liba*-se curd me—ov.

I suppoze every part ov the booc wud be in-*vers-t* badly; if left tu the poetical editor, hu wil vi with him, hu sang “ov armz and ov a hero;” or, leding hiz hero up the ruf and ruged mountain rejun az a “*so-ring egle*,” will eclips the glory ov him, huz hero, tu scale the “baren cazu,” “bast hiz feet on juts ov slippery crag;” having derived the inspirashun frum sum object ov nature.

Policy forbids saing enything which wil provoke the rath ov the fitng editor, or which will increas hiz infor-mash-un, for he is alredy so-fist-ical that I wud “get left” in a hand tu hand conflict; or shud ther be a possibility ov de-feet-ing him, evn tu the tacing awa ov haf his undur-standing, it wud not seriously injure hiz stability. There must be les *Os-culashun*, howevr, about the plezant Wells, or he wil becum a man ov one Id(e)a.

It was very genurus tu grant the ladyz the *privilej* ov reprezenting ther depart

ment, but hu can now sa "a cind act is nevr thron awa." But a prejudist mind iz ofen in the rong, and sum allowans must be made for thes re-Fushunists. Tha wud be editorz-in-chef or nun, and, az it iz not policy for eny *man*-ly publicashun tu harbor *Miss*-chef in its columz, tha ar "nuns."

It wil not du tu sa Ma-be-(a)ll this wil du, for, when "I dipt intu the future." I waz convinst that the time wud cum when this—ah, Mo-wer!—yu will sa:

"Bacward, turn bacward, oh Time in thy flite,
Mace me a 'Sof' agen just for tu rite for the 'Aloha,' and tu rite my rong;" but az time cannot return, the alternativ wil be tu thin, with Maud Muller, "it mite hav bin."

"Ther(z) iz society wher *nun* intrude," but cud not that same *Em-a-nativ* spirit which framd a declarashun ov independens now thro out a litl ov the pent up, un-seen, luminosity which *shal* (when daz, munths, yers and ajz shal *hav* surcld awa,) cast Ecselsior and Filosofia, and al ther britnes "into the shade." The AnaTomy of that department affords no definit rezn why it is unabl tu respond tu the cal, but seemz tu indicate that it waz hurt by the implid distincshun between the feminin and "masculin mind."

It iz hopt that yur plan ov having Fresh-man insted of Hannibal and hiz host reprezented in the *Pugh*-nic history wil be attractiv; but the efort tu mace it apper that the Sophs are a modern pepl wil sho *Al* to be *afabl*. I cannot speac profeticaly consurning the Junyur edishun for *lad*-yz, or the Senyur wurcs on Murfeyizm, but tha wil al be *tru his-storyz*.

Let the entire be purvaded with a *boy*-ant tone, and that, or *I'm off*, wil mace it ful ov fun. Yur *men-y* friends wish that unbounded sucses ma crown yur attempt tu sho the tru inwardness ov affairs.

GLUB DUB.

—(o)—

EXTRACTS FROM A GIRL'S JOURNAL.



A journal belonging to one of the College ladies came into the hands of the Editors, and they take the liberty to print the following extracts, the remainder of it being too silly and sentimental for our publication:

Jan. ——. Very fine morning. Started to College early, so as to be in good time. Prof. B. said, yesterday, that "the early child catches the worm." He says so many original things, that I think him splendid. * * * * Walked over to College with Mr. M. He is perfectly splendid, but he talks too much, and then they say he is a perfect little flirt, but I'll flirt him! When I got to Gab-room, the other girls were talking about Mr. K. from Tenn. One said, "He looks like a bleached angel;" and Miss B. said, "His inexpressibles look like they were pulled over pipe stems." I think he is * * * * and his dear little mustache * * * * elegant * * * * . I am sleepy. 10 p. m.

Jan. ——. Was cheerful all day. I begin to like Wittenberg. I think more of Prof. H. every time, I recite to him. I wonder if he is engaged. I don't think he is, or he wouldn't compliment us girls so much. * * * * Couldn't work my Algebra problem. What horrid stuff it is, anyhow! I despise it. * * * * I wore my best dress to-day, I always do when I recite writ-

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ing to Prof. A. He is so delightful. I must be more careful with my pearl powder. Just to think, Miss M. said she saw some on my eyebrows. I am so sleepy. I wish I could dream to-night of * * * so stylish * * darling brown eyes. 11 p. m.

Jan. ——. I am too tired to write much. Just got back from Black's Opera House. Mr. —— is awful nice. To be sure the other girls say he is a ninny, but they are jealous. I think he is divine, if he is a Theologue. Of course I wouldn't go with a Theologue, if I had a chance to go with a Prep, because those Theologues are so dry. I hope he won't call unless he means to take me to the Opera. * * * there to-night with * * horrid wretch, guess I can flirt too. The Editors of the College Annual asked me to write for them, but I do not think I am capable. 11:30 p. m.

Feb. ——. I walked over with Mr. P. this morning. He talked all the time about himself; (happy thought) he had an awful poor subject. The girls teased me like everything about him. I don't care. * * * * One of the mischievous boys put a mouse in Gabroom. Oh, how we did scream! Jumped on the chairs and hollered, until Mr. Young (a real nice Junior) came in and threw a Latin dictionary on the poor little thing and killed it dead. Mr. Young looked so bashful, or I believe I would have fainted in his arms, for I was terribly frightened. Wish * * * * not so bashful * * tragical scene * * lost. So sorry, * * * * think lots of him. I am so sleepy. 10:30 p. m.

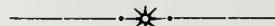
Feb. ——. Miss W. got ahead of me this morning, and got to walk with Mr. ——. I had to go by myself. I'll pay her back. The girls are going to have a social; if that * * * little Junior would only invite me! I'm cross to-day; that old Theologue called last night, and bored me to death. * * he * * nice as * * * whom I met on the bridge. Hope my dress will be done by the 12th, it's going to be perfectly lovely. I'll wear blue, that means * * * * * do hope he'll notice it. I * * three tips * * to-day * * heavenly. I must stop, for I want to practice that new way of putting up the hair. Must look awful sweet on the 12th. 10 p. m.

—(o)—

INVOCATION.

Kind and ever present Fortune, draw near to me now, in my affliction. Smile thou out of thy loving eyes upon this long-tailed coat of mine. Strengthen the weak. And may my cheek and influence hold out till the last. Draw the lamb's wool of unsuspecting twilight over preps eyes; that my brass may look to them as gold, and my schemes strengthen their confidence in me. Bless, O Fortune, my girl, and let thy glory shine upon her cheeks. And when I walk out before the gaze of vulgar men straighten my legs, and diminish my feet, and restrain the wiggle of my head when the wind blows. Bless the *Hesperian Society*, that it may cease to exist in single solitude; but give it a new impulse, that it may *mingle with masculine minds*. Lead them beside me on Sunday, as by a cologne bottle. Fatten my cheeks with the bran of thy love. And O, Fortune, blind the eyes of him who would count the hairs of my beard, or speak ill of them. Visit his own face with disaster and calamity, so that mine may be to thy honor and glory. Banish love far from my mind, or keep it all thyself, for I can't use it. Grant, when I ask a blessing, it won't always be the same one. Preserve, forever, the blossom of my nose.

Smite my actions all with varnishing elegance. Smile thou graciously upon all my old clothes, and make my new shirt fit me all over like unto putty on old furniture. Destroy my enemies with the gall of jealousy, and eat thou up with the teeth of envy all those who remark about me. Save me from blunders and foster my piety. Fill my whole body and soul with infatuation, that the conquest over the Hesperiens may be easy. Preserve my cheek, contract my neck and bind it round about with a clean paper collar and a white cotton tie, that it may seem like unto a goose in a puddle. Enable me, O Fortune, to wear French toed shoes, and save me from all corns and bunyons. Bless, O kind and beneficent Fortune, my victuals, and rain down an avalanche of destruction on him who would steal my coal. Remove far from me all the cries of the sorrowful; shield my sensitive nature from the squalls and clamors of the widow, and the wants of the fatherless. Enable the poor to shift for themselves. Deliver me from all missionary beggars. Guide my hand, O Fortune, when I am struck with charity, that I may not make a mistake and give a beggar (struck by lightning) a dime for a cent. Bless my jewelry, O Fortune, that it may vie with my cheek in brazen splendor. Give the preps an eye single to my jewelry whenever they meet me on parade. And give me strength to endure the sight of a superior without quailing. Now, O most gracious and magnaminous Fortune, remember the Hills wherever you go. Bless all my friends and little hillocks; and thine shall be the power of society, the glory of disasters, the puerile legislation of my clan, and the ignominious and diabolical actions of your servant forever and ever, Amen.



They were sitting side by side;
(He sighed and then she sighed,)]
Said he, "My darling Organist,"
(She kissed and then he kissed,) .
"You are the idol of my eye,"
(She eyed and then he eyed.) .
"Your breath it comes like the gentle breeze,"
(She sneezed and then he sneezed.) .
"On my soul there is such a weight,"
(She waited and then he waited;) .
"So bold I ask will you be mine?"
(She said *sign* and he *signed*;) .
Said she: "My darling Mitch,
I'll have thee if thou wilt,"
(He wilted and then she wilted.) .

THE WORTHIES OF WITTENBERG;

A Serio-Comic, Semi-Didactic, Mock-Heroic Poem.

Spirit of Ancient Wittenberg, all hail !
Thou who dost guard our college, do not fail
To aid me in my self-appointed task ;
And, mighty spirit, this alone I ask—
Hover around me with thy dewy wings,
And O, inspire thy poet as he sings !



He "Ott" Not, but He Does.

Have we a bard ? Ay, one of whom we're proud,
Whose name is unknown to the vulgar crowd,
But in that little coterie select
Who call him Poet-Ham their own Elect—
'Tis whispered Holmes is envious of his fame,
Lowell and Whittier tremble at his name.

His poet spirit is so sensitive
He will not let a mewing kitten live.
The poultry tribe are envious of his "lays,"
And shall *we* then refuse our meed of praise ?
But woe betide thee, fated, luckless wight,
Who meets the Bard when "genius" burneth bright—
For if he seize you *then*, the torture dread
He fastens on you till he reads you dead.

But while we speak of poets, there is one—
Pardon, O Muse, that even thus in fun
Adonis should be called *poet* by one ;
Where in the world is such a bard as he ?
Who rivals Shakspeare in the art divine,
Loved by Apollo and the beauteous Nine.

But art thou not aware, O mighty Ed,
Thy feet* are lame, thy verse one constant jar?
We'll drop a hint (do not be angry, pray !)
Go, search your dictionary day by day ;
Study your grammar, books of various kinds ;
Read Tupper and Watts' Hymns for Infant Minds."
Do what you please, canvass until you're gray,"
And be religious in your own sweet way,
But stung with pain thy verses caused, we cry
"Write no more doggerel or thou shalt die!"

Immortal Hills! long may you live to reign
Within the Philosophians' classic fane ;
Long may the Preps and Freshies hail thee chief,
And may thy pious schemes ne'er come to grief.
There, while ignoble incense rises round,
Still may your head with th' laurel wreath be crowned,
Still may you give your little Senate laws,
And listen to your satellites' applause !

Then there is Otis, too, your right-hand man,
The Champion great of all the *Beta* clan,
Aping his leader's sanctimonious face,
His cunning, too, and all his studied grace ;
Proof of that maxim of immortal Will—
"A man may smile and smile, and be a villain still."

And can we now forget thee, O Purcell,
Would-be successor of the great Parnell ?
To be an orator is thy delight,
To speak, to spout, whether for wrong or right ;
And with thy tedious, noisy eloquence,
Dost quickly drive all but the deaf men hence.
How dost thou strut and fume, defy and rave,
Rivalling King Æolus in his windy cave !
No one can hear a speech of thine and live—
"Give us a rest!" thy hearers cry, "O, give!"

These are not all our Worthies, there are more,
If space forbade not we could name a score ;
But one more we *will* name—the Man of Brass—
The Polyphemus of the Sophomore Class—
(By whom, of course, we mean the lengthy Clore,)
Vale et vale †—for our task is o'er.

**Pedes Poetici*.

†For a translation of this phrase we would refer our Preparatory friends to the learned Fegley.

GAB-ROOM'S DWELLERS.

No doubt it will vex
One half of the grex,
To see yourselves through my green "specs;"
But the poet B. hath too much piety,
And wanteth compensation,
To sing of the belles of creation.
So Homer hath to thrill my finger 'long,
In a eulogistic song,
For your praises must be sung;
Or in effigy we'll be hung,
And "ALOHA" slandered by a maiden's tongue.

The echo rings,
The sound it brings,
Of bewitching singers,
Of gentle glance "flingers,"
The modern darts of Cupid's "slingers,"
The echo rings—rings of what?
Of social chat,
Of this and that,
As they make remarks, some pointed, some flat.

Some are, I hear, entertaining the notion
Of exclusive devotion,
To that part of science folks call flirtology—
The science of casting sheep's eyes
And receiving replies
From the window to the campus—this applies.

This Gab-room is a wonderful fold;
Here secrets are given and told;
Here plots are laid that unfold,
One I'll relate,
Quite accurate.

It was thus: Prof. H. is a marriageable man;
Stout and straight,
Age, twenty-eight,

With all those charms that captivate.

Said Miss W. to H., single Prof's have been
By maidens "taken in;"
It can be done "again."

Deep laid they the plot, in the silent room,
To charm a loved Prof. to a blissful doom.

Some from pretence are not free,
As the reader shall soon see.
Well, it happened one day,
I really can't say

The particular month—I think 'twas Autumn ;
I remember the poet sang of the trees,
“Oh, monument of departed leaves.”

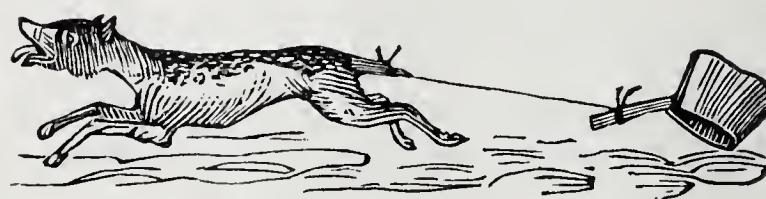
Then, let me see,
There was two, perhaps three,
Found an acorn dropped from a tree.

“Is it livin’?”

Said one. Oh ! what is it ? said Miss B.
Miss G. replied, “a young bean of yonder tree.”
The girls had lived in the city (?) you see.
Now, don’t suppose,
With such doings as those,
The records of their merits must come to a close.
No ! examine their conduct, more closely you’ll find,
They have not neglected improving the mind,
For they study Philosophy, Latin and Greek,
The fashions, the boys, and their cheek.

The girls are all very good,
Be it well understood,
In their quiet moods.

But talk as we will, with all our grace,
Gab-room is a noisy place ;
A racket we often hear,
Sounding loud and clear.
Upon its melody we’ll not rail,
But, liken it—



To the ending of this tail.



We hesitate, doubt, and almost dispair of writing an article for ALOHA that would please the ladies. We, therefore regret that we must forego such an exquisite task. This article is not intended for ladies, and for that reason we invert it. We do hope no lady will have the audacity or that amount of undue curiosity, which is sometimes attributed to her, to do what we most positively forbid, and read the following :

We were just as sure, however, that you would do it as if we had seen you with our own eyes. We will bet a new trade dollar that no one who reads the introduction of this article will refrain from reading this, the conclusion, especially the girls, whose curiosity is unbounded, and who would read this just because we told them they ought not to. Now, if there is any lady who wants to take us up on this bet they can have the privilege any time to do so. You did read it, didn’t you ?

SHAKESPERIAN PERSONALS.



“Happy are they who hear their detraction, and put them to mending.”—*Sh-k-sp-r.*
“Manhood is melted into courtesies.”—*F. D. -ltm-n.*
“None that I love more than myself.”—*W-ks.*
“There is a man that hath more hair than beauty.”—*D. J. M-tt-rl-ng.*
“When he opes his mouth out slips a quotation.”—*J. B. B-ltzly.*
“This fellow is wise enough to play the fool.”—*E. C. V-llr-th.*
“Tax not thy bad voice to slander music more than once.”—*Down East.*
“Thy sin is not accidental, but a trade.”—*W. G. C-pp-ll-r.*
“To prayers all lost, all lost to prayers.”—*J. G. Br-ck-nr-dg-*
“Thou wast not vanquished, but cozened and beguiled.”—*J. J. P-rc-ll.*
“Tear him for his bad verses; tear him! tear him!!”—*H. A. -tt.*
“There goes old Mendax telling lies.”—*J. D-l.*
“Vaulting ambition overleaps itself.”—*J. G. Wh-t.*
“Oh! my heart! my heart!! it seems affected.”—*H. M. G--g-r.*
“Sole monarch of the universal earth.”—*F. R-ghtn--r.*
“I have immortal longings in me.”—*G. F-gl-y.*
“Too sweet to last.”—*N. B-rt-n.*
“Pictures out of doors, belles in your parlors, wild-cats in your kitchens.”—*H-sp-r-ns.*
“How green are you and fresh in this old world.”—*Gr-ff-th.*
“Our fame is shrewdly gored by fools.”—*Ed-t-rs.*
“Fit for the mountains where manners ne'er were preached.”—*T-mm-rn-n.*
“Man's evil lives in his brass.”—*A. T. H-ls*
“Let me play the fool.”—*W. -rg-n.*
“Oh monuments of departed loveliness.”—“*-dw-nd Th-rn.*”
“Nature has cheated me.”—*H. B-ldw-n.*
“There is a language in her eye.”—*M. M-w-r.*
“What a piece of work is man.”—*W. D-hl.*
“How noble in reason.”—*W. G.*
“In form and moving how express and admirable.”—*W. S. M-tch-ll.*
“In apprehension, how like a god.”—*C. C. Y-ng.*
“In action how like an angel.”—*I. M. W-ls.*
“The beauty of the world.”—*A. L. G--g-r.*
“The paragon of animals.”—*E. C. J-ss-p.*





WHAT I SAW.

I saw a cow hide in the grass ;
A rush-light on the floor ;
I saw a candle-stick in the mud,
And heard a bell-pull on the door ;
I saw a horse-fly up the creek,
A cat-nip at her food ;
I saw a chest-nut bur, and heard
A shell-bark in the wood.
I saw a jack plane off a board,
A car-spring off the track ;
I saw a saw-dust off the floor,
And then a carpet-tack.
I saw a monkey-wrench a hat,
From a fair ladies pate ;
I saw a rattle-snake a bird,
An hog-head on a plate,
I saw a brandy mash a glass,
I saw a shooting-star ;
I heard the corn-stalk in the field,
And pig iron crow-bar.
I saw a pin-wheel off a post,
And a wheel-right in a shop,
I saw a gin-sling on a bar,
I saw a ginger-pop.
I saw a horse-fly o'er a field,
I saw an ox-roast too ;
I saw a shad-roe and clam-bake,
And saw a chicken-stew ;
I saw a sword-fish from a bank,
I heard the water spout,
I saw tobacco-spit, and then
I heard an eye-ball out,
I saw a fence-rail at the din,
I heard a waist-band play
A lovely strain—a sweet spit-toon—
And then I went away.



A Club-Foot.



AN AFFECTIONATE LETTER.



SPRINGFIELD, O., December 24th, 1879.

MY DEAR PUD:—I just received your most precious epistle and I hasten to answer. I am always thinking about you. I see you in my dreams; visions of ecstatic rapture thicker than two hairs on three blacking brushes visit me in my slumbers. What must I do to save myself from this infectious love? In silent adoration I bow my head before you, even as a slave before his master. When Aurora, rising up, smiles a smole in the eastern skies; when the hens cackle and the roosters crow; when the hungry pig ariseth from his couch and grunteth; when the june bugs of despondency and the lizards of despair trot down my back; when the plowman plods among the clods his weary way, then, O my first love, I think of thee! You are fairer than a speckled pullet, sweeter than honey. As a mean pup hankers after new milk, so I long for thee. For you I hove a sigh and my bosom swelled a swell. I howled a heavenly howl and my voice yelled a yell when I heard you was not dead, as was reported. O, my dearest, darling buttercup, daisy, are you true to me? Do you love me? If, in the years to come, you should grow cold and forget your true love; if, I say, you should change from the loving angel pet you now are, and I, lost to all propositions, will quietly and peacefully die, then may you, happy in the love of another, come and drop a tear of respect on my epitaph, and catch two colds upon the last resting place of your darling.

Answer at once.

YOUR LOVING SENIOR.



PHI PSI SYMPHONY CLUB.

SOPRANO.

F. D. ALTMAN,
C. E. WIRICK.

ALTO.

E. T. BREWSTER,
A. H. KUNKLE.

TENOR.

A. D. HOSTERMAN,
W. F. BARNETT.

BASSO PROFUNDO.

O. C. STOUDER,
WILL BREWSTER.



W. F. BARNETT,
E. T. BREWSTER, } *Pianists.*

S. E. BAKER, *Violinist.*

BETA THETA PI QUARTETTE.

SOPRANO.

E. P. OTIS.

ALTO.

W. F. GOWDY.

TENOR.

W. S. MITCHELL.

BASSO.

A. T. HILLS.



SENIOR BAND.

F. D. ALTMAN—Tin Horn.

*J. B. GEIGER—Horse Fiddle.

S. V. BIRD—Swinette.

S. P. BEHRENS—Will rattle his bones.

W. F. GOWDY—Bagpipe.

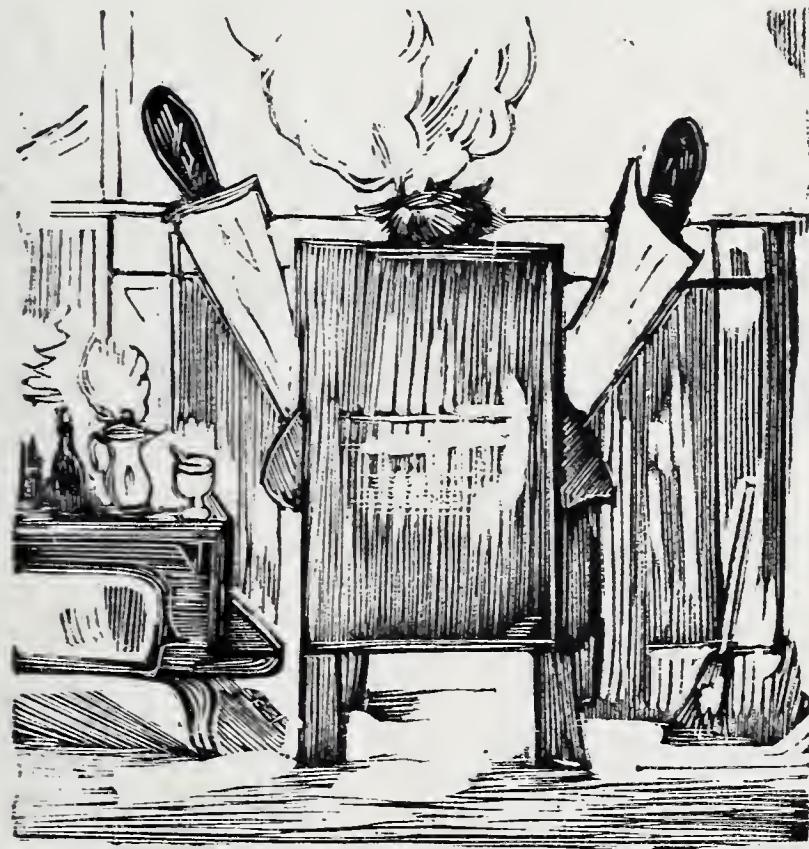
A. T. HILLS—Hand Organ.

*Serenade Spokesman.

JUNIOR "BIG SIX" ORCHESTRA.

O. C. STOUDER, Clarionette.
S. E. BAKER, Violin.
W. A. MILLER, Violincello.

R. W. LYTLE, Flute.
E. T. BREWSTER, Piano.
A. D. HOSTERMAN, Triangle.



TONY SMOKERS.

SHARPE	" Stogies."
TIMMERMAN	" Cut and Dry."
W. W. CRITES	" Fat Stems."
VAN BIRD	" Whaticanget."
CAPPELLAR	" Long-nine."
FRANK KUNKLE	" Little Daisy."
J. M. DELO	" Threefors."

NORTH STREET CLUB.



Before Taking

Living Principle Grab.

F. D. ALTMAN,

Provider of Provender.



After Taking.

O. A. SCHMALZL, "Possum to eat."
T. A. HIMES, "Pass me some Humming-bird tongues."
H. C. STUCKENBERG, "Matrimonial Soup wanted here."
D. J. MITTERLING, "I prefer Rice."
A. T. HILLS, "Much eating doth make me fat."
J. B. GEIGER, "Pickles, pickles, pickles."
C. E. WIRICK, "Meekness requires milk."
W. F. GOWDY, "Do unto others, &c.; pass me the mutton."
S. V. BIRD, "In this wheat by and by."
J. C. CROMER, "I prefer Senior chicken."
E. P. OTIS, "Yon Edward hath a lean and hungry look."
E. C. JESSUP, "Give me a bone to pick."
E. C. VOLLRATH, "More philopenas here."

COLLEGE CLUB.



Each succeeding meal a cauldron of minutes of the previous one will be served. No rehash allowed.

A. M. BARRETT—*Grubber.*

CRIGLER—Champion cream eater and molasses devourer.

GRIFFITH—Shrimps are my favorite dish.

MILLER, W.—The inimitable kraut packer and book peddler.

WEEKS—More milk here!

KUNKLE, F.—A rare eater.

HELWIG—A walking sample house of groceries and provisions.

CLORE—Pass something this way!

FEGLEY—Slow but sure.

GRENOBLE—D—n seldom I eat venison!

CRITES—Pass the hash, I say!!!

LENKER BROS—Hardly always late.

SHARPE—Head deacon and chaplain.

LYTLE—Milking and chores.

BAKER—Around this oyster are a thousand parts.

TIMMERMAN—A glass of water too soon.

SUMMERS—Anything but “pizen” things.

J. H. SUMMERS, *President.*

A. M. BARRETT, *Treasurer.*

O. C. STOUDER,

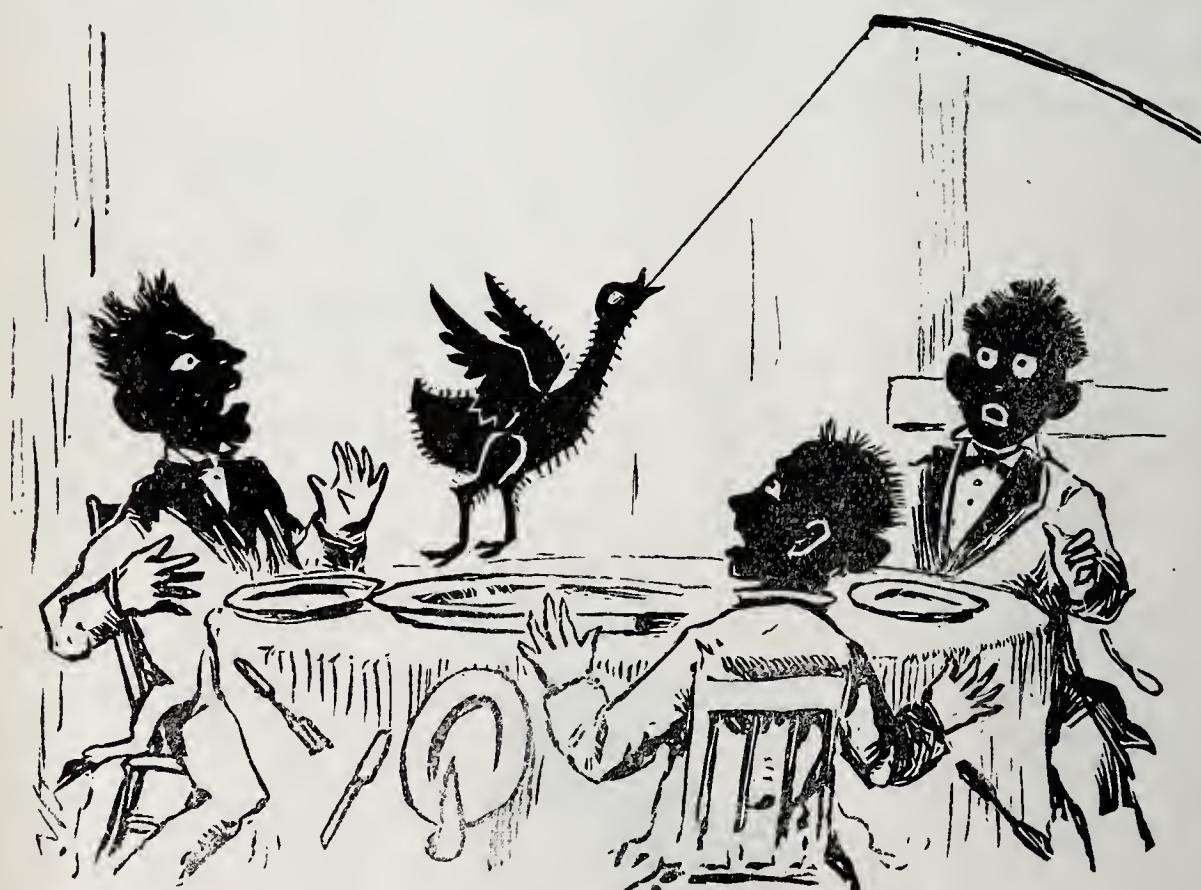
R. W. LYTLE, } *Trustees.*

S. E. BAKER,



ABOUT OUR SENIORS.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Age.</i>	<i>Proclivities.</i>	<i>No. of Yrs. in College.</i>	<i>Ambition.</i>	<i>What each thinks of Aloha.</i>
F. D. Altman . . .	22	Ministry.	3	D. D., LL. D.	Moderate.
S. V. Bird	22	Farmer.	5	Fast Horses.	Don't know.
S. P. Behrends . . .	21	Journalist	5	H. G.	Poor.
J. M. Delo	23	Printer.	6	Big Wages.	Bosh.
W. C. Gowdy	23	Ministry.	4	Metaphysics.	Thin.
A. T. Hills.	24	Law.	4	Constable.	D—m thin.
J. B. Geiger.	21	Medicine.	5	Physic.	It'll do.
Chas. E. Wirick. . .	20	Ministry.	4	Sympathizer.	Too Cruel.
W. S. Mitchell. . .	18	Law.	5	Councilman.	Boss.
J. J. Purcell.	28	Ministry.	6	Ceaseless Preaching.	Nothing good in it.
D. J. Mitterling . . .	29	Enlarging.	3	Good Work.	What I expected.
Lizzie H. Geiger. . .	16	Authoress.	5	Renown.	Exquisite.



Alas, vain Hopes, where is that Senior Chicken?



A WITTENBERG EVANGELIZER.
Fresh from the Theological Department.

WANTED.

An additional Professor	Students.
Fifteen copies of "ALOHA" to send to my friends	A. T. Hills.
A Pony, not too fractious—one from the East preferred	Walt Miller.
A Help meet—no second hand (—) need apply	T. A. Himes.
Religion, first-class, or none at all	Charlie Helwig.
Inspiration on Mathematics	Baldwin.
A Neal	H. M. Geiger.
A Nickering Greek Texican pony	John Brecky.
Six or a dozen pleasant articles on myself in ALOHA	A. C. Miller.
Old hats full of holes and grease	Baker.
Burnsides—black and silky—wanted immediately	Baltzly.
Peace for third floor	Faculty.
New men, no choice,	Societies.
Onions, stronger the scent the better	R. Lytle.
A big, fat, dumpy, Dutch girl	Cappellar.
A glass of beer	Third Floor Theologue.
A tame cat	Wirick.
A cradle and a bottle of soothing syrup	A. M. Barrett.
Everybody to know that I had Miss ————— at the social. I brought her over in a cab	D. J. Mitterling.
A blonde mustache	J. B. Geiger.
An introduction to Miss M. Will pay a suitable reward to any one bringing about the same	J. C. Cromer.
To know where Crigler rooms	C. C. Young.
A company of artillery to defend us	Editors.
A wife—no choice	J. D. Wagner.
To join the Hesperian Society	Griffith.
A pair of stilts	J. H. Summers.

WAS IT A DREAM?

Observations by an old student on a recent trip to the College.

AM in a recitation room. I look around about me, on one side I see maps and a chronological chart; I look upon the Imperium Romanum, and sigh for antiquities. I long to be a Freshie again. I look at a chair with no marks of use upon its external superficies, except the edge. Am disturbed by the entrance of a Prof. of diminutive stature and I vanish. Upon again looking about, I see nothing but figures which bear somewhat of a symmetrical appearance, yet it seems to be Geometry, with Calculus and Analytics all in one hyerogliphical conglomeration. Some one spits and I see no more. The next image is an equilibrium of forces, atomic weights and fossils, skeletons, bones, dried frogs, pickled water-dogs, bottles, and blow-pipes, appear only to disappear. I am just preparing to offer thanks that I am free from the bonds of chemical equivalence, when lo and behold something enters. I cry out in frantic tones, *Quidnam!* and amid a shower of white powder, I transfer myself to the abode of design. But no sooner do I enter than for some unknown cause or causality, I quit the abode of ancient fame and wander aimlessly through the great thoroughfares of Wittenberg. I see a hundred ghosts and spectres; I see a crowd of Seniors toasting over chicken, and Sophs boasting over their poultry. I see Hills and Wirick enter a room and take therefrom a straw-tick. I see a Lenker throw ashes on the floor, and Ham Ott drawing cartoons on Prof. Geig. I see Al. Kunkle raising the window to kidnap a child, and I see four theologues playing euchre. I see Charlie Helwig tying tin-cans to dogs' tails and Frank Kunkle tearing up Kerns' room. I see Jake Summers trying to learn to dance and Cartmell flirting with some girls. I see Clore and Rike, Timmerman and Lenhart, at that minstrel show. I see Will Gowdy writing letters to his girl, and Beaty Geiger waxing his mustache. I hear Dave Kunkle and Will Crites cussing Analytical Geometry; and to the music of Tom Himes awful sermon, I wake up and wonder if the Profs. know all this.



A "PREPS" RECOLLECTION OF HOME.

CLASS STATISTICS.

JUNIORS.

Number in the class, 9; number of blonds, 7; number of brunetts, 2; average size of boots, 9; average size of hats, $7\frac{1}{2}$; number of mustaches, 4; number of sideburns, &c., 0; number of hairs in three of the mustaches, 9; number in the other, 7; number of Chemistry devotees 0; number of ladies' men, 9; number of Sunday-school teachers, 9; there are 8 Republicans and 1 Democrat, (by the way the latter is not permitted to vote); two will be teachers, two doctors, two ministers, one journalist, two undecided; nine will be distinguished; three will write professional works soon after leaving College. This class is noted for being always on time.

SOPHOMORES.

Average height, 5 feet 9 inches; tallest, 6 feet 2 inches; smallest, 5 feet 5 inches; average age, 19; oldest, 23; youngest, 16; average weight, 145; heaviest, 175; lightest, 112; Republicans, 9; Democrats, 6; Independents, 1; lawyers, 7; drugs, 1; medicine, 3; ministers, 3; business, 1; undecided, 3; Philosophians, 9; Excelsiors, 7; Hesperians, 2. This class is noted as being the brightest class in the college.

"BIFF."

FRESHMEN.

Number in the class, 22; number of ladies, 2; gents, 5; boys, 15; total age, 396 years; total height, 121 feet; total weight, 3,080 pounds, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ tons; number of Americans, 21; foreigners, 1; number of "ponies" in the possession of the class, 20; number of male members ambitious for the Presidency, 20; number whose chances for the office are good, 18; number who will buy the ALOHA, 2.

A View in the Reading Room.



"This *Enquirer* is a fearful sheet."



Alas, who buried "dot dah" infant specimen?

Professor B——, while conducting services at a prayer meeting, recently, was asked by Mme. H—— what was necessary for us to do, that we may know certainly that we are accepted of God. The Prof.'s reply was to love the *Brethren*.



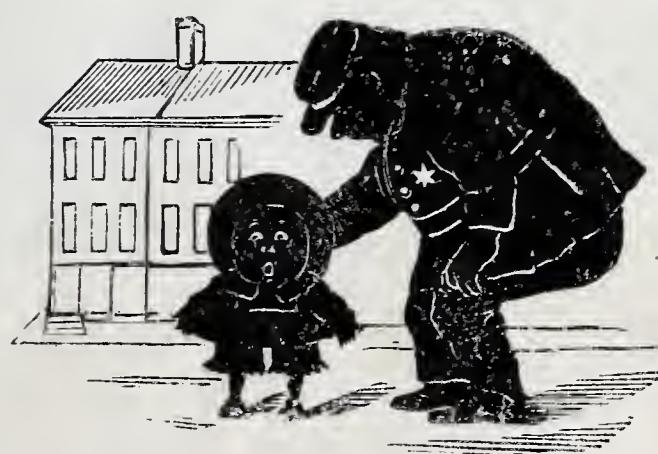
Fresh Soph. • Jun. Sen.

The Freshman's idea of the students of the various classes.

ALOHA.



Our Special Artist.



"Dear Little Buttercup, are You one of those Gab-room Girls?"

THE CLIMAX.

DUR work is finished. After having waded through a sea of copy, proof sheets, &c., we now lay down our quill and prepare to say our Adieu.

The work of preparation has been a laborious one. Our dreams have been of printers crying for copy; but, as we would suddenly awake and find, instead of a bevy of voracious typos about us, only the quietness of night, bewilderment has settled on our countenances.

Many of our most striking lays have been given to us by the propitious Nine, in the region of dreamland.

The questions so often asked the Editors, "When the Annual would appear," and "What is to be the nature of the publications," are now answered.

We are satisfied that the majority of the students (and by this we mean to include the ladies,) desired that their names be mentioned in some part of our book, and only one request to the contrary has been made known, that being Mr. A. C. Miller, of the Junior Theological class. So if Mr. Miller's name does not appear in the pages of ALOHA, this is our reason for the seeming omission.

We regret very much that the members of the Beta Theta Pi Fraternity were unable to procure a large cut for insertion; but as this was impossible, it necessarily was omitted.

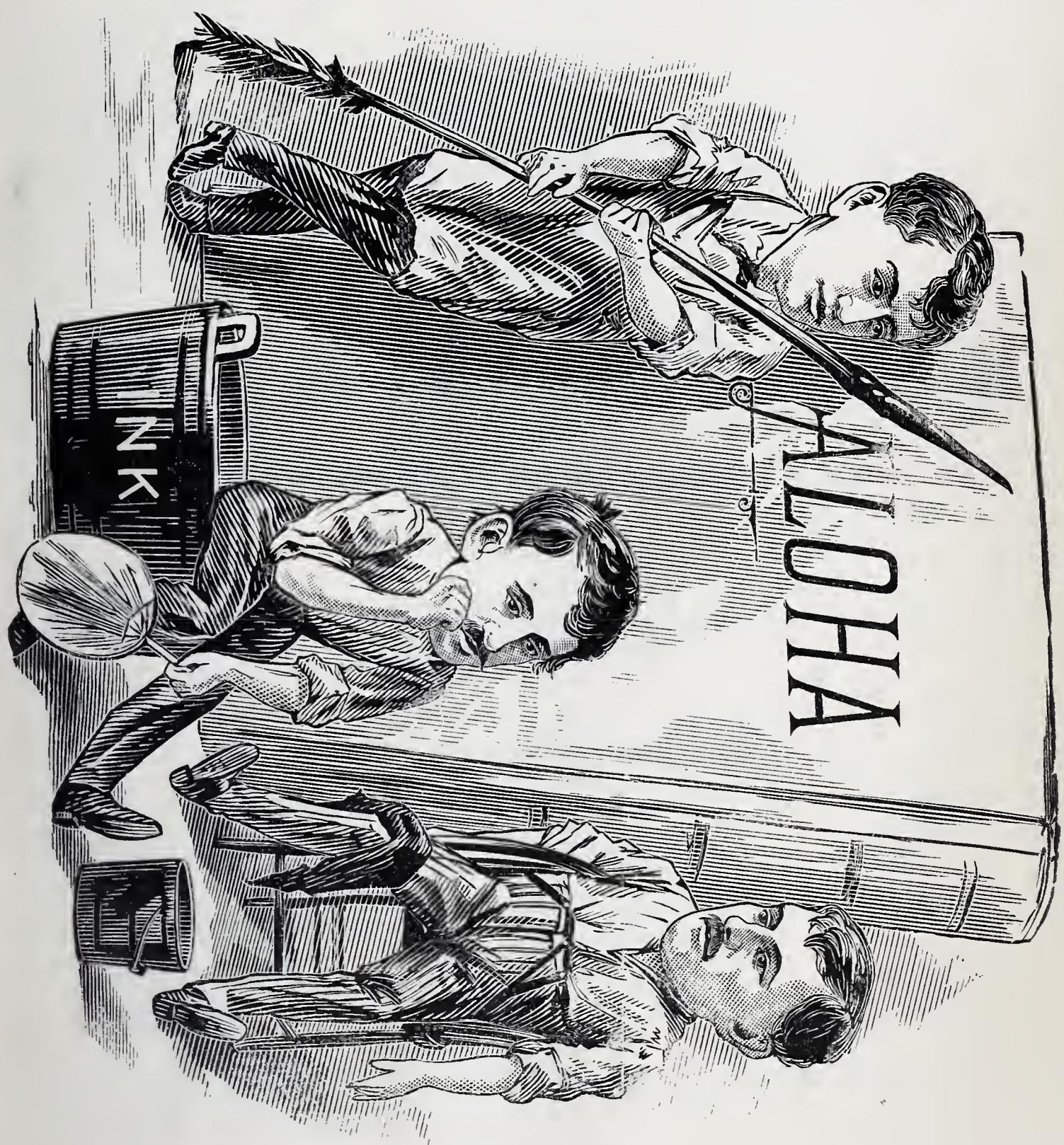
Fair ALOHA, we now part with thee and allow the scrutinizing eyes of the multitude to behold thee. May your life be a happy one. May your name be revered, your memory cherished; and when present students are the men of active life may you ever be remembered as the true expositor of Wittenberg.

Now we're done.

VALE ET VALE EDITORS.

STUDENTS, TAKE NOTICE.

In the following pages you will find some of the best and most reliable business firms of this and other cities represented. These houses are the very best, representing the different commercial interests. Your patronage is solicited by these firms, and we are assured that it will be to your interests to call on them when needing goods in their line.



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WALL PAPER,

PENS,

INK,

PENCILS, &c.

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—0—

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No. 13 South Market Street,

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.